What the Boston Publishers are Doing.

CHATS ABOUT BOOKS.

"The Village Surgeon," "For Better or Worse," "The Mystery," "Bric-a-Brac."

Boston, Mass., March 4, 1875. The book trade of this city is pretty much at a standstill, and were mine enemy to write a book, just now, he would have a tolerably hard time in getting the public to buy it. Not that the people of the modern Athens have suddenly storped improving their minds, or have adopted the theory advanced by Festus in the case of Paul-that much reading might make them mad and are acting in self-defence-but that, like the people of most places else in these times, they have come to the conclusion that a dollar is a dollar, and that it is more available in that shape for general temporal needs than a work on theology, however orthodox, or a 16mo novel. There is, besides, a natural revuision in the business, coming as a matter of course, and in no sense operating as a wet blanket upon the minds or plans of the various pubhers. The fall trade was excellent, much better than was expected at its opening, and holiday purchasers thinned out the shelves of the dealers in a manner which must have been eminently satisfactory after the dull summer of last year. The fall lists of our prominent publishers contained some of the best works issued in this city for years, and the demand for certain of them has constantly been on the increase. There were, of course, some miscarriages. A stroll among the second-hand book stails on Washington street and Cornhill gives a pretty accurate idea of those volumes which died in press. Publishers are liable to errors of judgment like everybody else, and very often a book in print is hardly the book it seemed in manuscript.

In some quarters there is a gentle stirring of the waters, and occasional announcements show that the temporary indisposition of the public to invest in literature has affected the more prominent firms in the trade only in the frequency and character of their publications. In a brisk season publishers can unload a great deal of second quality stuff upon the market; but no shrewd publisher would dare to throw a poor book opon the trade in a dull season. It would not only be rumous to his pocket but to his reputa-

OUR PUBLISHERS IN GENERAL.

Most of the announcements just made or about to be made are confined to haif a dozen out of our score or more publishing firms, and are of books about the success of which there hangs no possibility of risk. Roberts Brothers are doing very little, and will propably lie contentedly or discontentedly upon their oars until a change of the tide. Estes & Lauriat issue an occasional volume. Although a young firm, the members are old in experience, and never put their imprint upon anything that savors of doubt. W. P. Gill & Co. have closed up their last fall's announcements and are now waiting for better times. D. Lothrop & Co., ope of our most energetic publishing firms, seem to be little affected by the prevailing stagnation. and put forth a very liberal list of proposed publications. So with Henry Hoyt, the Congregational Publishing Society and other publishers of religious literature. IN DETAIL.

Bord & Houghton, whatever the times may be, keep the presses at Riverside tolerably busy though their present range of publications is far from being a wide one. There is a constant call for their standard editions of Dickens and Cooper; their law work is rapidly growing, and what new books they publish may be safely reckoned as among the necessaries of mental life. Of late the firm has been devoting its best energies to pushing the Atlantic, which was never before in so prosperous a condition. Their list of announcements for the spring trade is not yet ready. It will be small, for the firm believe in making the most of what they have, instead of trusting to uncertain ventures, at least in times like these.

The March list of Lee & Shepard includes a remargable work by N. L. Thieolin upon "Spain and the Spaniards;" remarkable, because in these days of universal authorship it is unusual to find a book written by one who has a thorough acquaintance writer on the Pall Mall Gazette, and as special correspondent went through the Franco-Prussian war. Upon the breaking out of the Spanish troubles be went to Madrid, and after a residence pen were constantly employed, he penetrated through the lines to the Carlist camp. Here he was thrown into daily companionship with the chiefs of the insurrection and became samiliar with their plans. For eighteen months of this time he acted as special correspondent of the HERALD, giving in his letters the clearest and most reliable account of the late troubles in Spain that has been yet published. It is the cream of this correspondence that goes to make up the present volume. American novel readers have become within the past two or three years tolerably well acquainted with Mrs. Katherine Sedgwick Washburg, whose "Italian Girl" and "Ina" were so well received at the time of publication. The former has just passed to a second edition and the publishers now announce a new novel by

the same nand-"Perfect Love Casteth Out Fear."

Petroleum V. Nasby's book, "The Morals of Abou Ben Adhem," announced last December and postponed on account of the author's desire to add oit, will be issued this month, and we are also promised "The Lover, and Other Miscellanies." by Richard Steele, edited by John E. Babson (four folio), our Boston Elia. This volume was also announced a couple of months ago, but its publication was delayed through the liness of Mr. Rabson, who is now sufficiently recovered to complete the work. Not to be altogether overlooked is "Warrington's Manual," compiled by William S. Robinson, former Clerk of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, which is designed to supersede the volume by the lamented Cushing, so long the terror of rural members of State legislatures and country lyceums. Higginson's "Young Folks' History of the United States." issued a month since, has proved an immense success. Seven large editions have already been issued, and the publishers have yet unable to fill their orders. The book is a charming story, into which dates and statistics are so skufully woven as to be almost overshadowed by the interest in the narrative, and yet they are there as plain and palpable to the searcher as those in the dryest text book ever recommended by a school committee. The peculiarity of the volume lies in the fact that the author lays more stress upon incidents of peace than of war in tracing the growth and progress of the nation.

One of the "happy thoughts" of J. R. Osgood & Co. at the opening of last season was "The Little Classics," a series which has become immensely popular with the trade and the public. The been skimmed to fit these dainty little volumes, the latest of which is now in press. It is entitled "Romance," and will contain "The Story of Iris." from Dr. Holmes' "Protessor at the Breaklast Table;" "The Rosicrucian," Mulock: "The South Breaker," by Barriet Pres, cott Spofford; "The Snowstorm, " by John Wilson, and "The King of the Peak," by Allan Cunningham. Professor Greg's work, "Books Ahead; or, the Warnings of Cassandra," which has created so great an excitement in England, is announced for early appearance by the same firm. The articles of which it is made up, originally appeared in one of the British reviews. They treat upon the mercial, social, industrial and political inture of Great Britain, which the author finds decidedly unpromising, his conviction being that she is rapidly nearing the end of her resources, and that the tendency is toward democratic anarchy. Another important work of this firm (now in

press) is the second volume of "Problems of Life

The work is good, strong, metaphysical meat—an endeavor to ponetrate the domain of the unknown and find solid foundation for a reasonable

and trustworthy creed. The young firm of Henry L. Shepard & Co. seems

to have fully recovered from its temporary troubles and is apparently laying a foundation for permanent prosperity. Its most noticeable work has just been based, and though it appeals to but a single class, and that a very small one, in the entire country, the first edition has been nearly exhausted by orders, though not yet out of the hands of the binders. It is a "History of the United States Marine Corps," by M. Almy Aldrich, from official reports and documents compiled by Captain R. S. Callum, of the marine service. While there has been no lack of historians to record the deeds of the regular army and navy, the marine corps, as a distinctive branch of the national service, has had to depend upon casual mention contained in naval reports and other official documents. The author has covered the ground very effectually, and in the pages of the volume in question has recorded the services of the dead and the efficiency of the living officers and men whose names make up the roll of those who have served as marines the Continental Congress first authorized the formation of the corps, a century ago. in glancing over the press sheers we find some curious facts. The United States Marine Corps came into existence before the organization of the regular navy. Before a single war vessel went was recognized as an arm of the service. On the 10th of November, 1775, Congress passed a resolution organizing two battalions of marines, and from that day to this the corps has borne its part, and sometimes more than its part, in the struggles of the nation.

The same firm are to shortly bring out a new edition of "The Little People of God," under a new name. Notwithstanding the fact that several of our best American poets-Longicilow, Whittier and Lowell among them—iurnished original poems for the volume when it was first published, there seemed to be a lack of appreciation on the part of the public, and the first addition was barely exhausted. Possibly the change of name may work

Miss Adelaide Traiton, whose "American Girl Abroad" produced such a sensation last season, is at work upon a new volume, but whether a novel, a book of travels or a collection of essays not even her publishers yet know.

Richard J. Hinton, the well known Washington correspondent, is now in this city and busy upon a work entitled, "Lives of Eminent English Radicals " It is to form the second volume of a series of biographical works to be egited by T. W. Higginson, who jurnished the initial volume.

> CHATS ABOUT BOOKS. A NEW BRIC-A-BRAC VOLUME.

Now stir the fire and close the shutters fast, Let tall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,"

quoted the Doctor, drawing his own chair up before the horary fire. "This sudden change in the weather has kept me as busy as the cold shap kept the plumbers. I sincerely nope that no poor creature will need my services to-night, for I have been riding around in the wind and rain all day long, and now I am ready to enjoy a quiet chat about books. Well, I suppose you have been enjoying that advance copy of the next bric-a-brac volume which Fred brought from Scribner, Armstrong & Co.'s the other day, 'Personal Reminisby Moore and Jerdan (taking the book off the table and turning the leaves); it looks very interesting. Here are the Mactise portraits of Moore. Scott, Jerdan and Hogg. How clean

The MOTHER-I think this is one of the very best of the series, Moore's diary particularly. Mr. Stoddard must have had his hands full in boiling the juice out of the eight original volumes.

FRLICIA-1 don't like the way in which Mr. Stoddard speaks about Moore to his preface. He makes him appear dreadfully egotistical and a trifler. He says that he has ceased to charm, and

the details of his life are not cared for. PRED-That is just where Mr. Stoddard is mistaken. I don't believe that Moore will ever get to be tiresome. I do not deny that he thought well or himself, but where is the poet who is not like him in that particular? and he may have been a butterfly in the sense that he gathered the honey from every opening flower. Moore was a genuine Irishman; he enjoyed life and was happy and light-hearted and made friends wherever he went.

The Mother-I have peculiar feelings toward Tom Moore. I have so often heard your aunt Mannering speak of him. She knew him very well and has beard him sing his own ballads many a time. He was a constant visitor at her house in London. She used to say that Tom Moore's presence was like sparking wine at a dinner

PRED-Mr. Stoddard's preface is not very inviting; he rather sneers at Moore, although he says there is a freshness and sparkle in his journal which he does not find in his poetry, and he mints that Jerdan is somewhat dresome.

FELICIA-Coming after Moore's gavety and fun Jerdan does seem a little dull, but who would not? I never read anything so full of amusing anecdote. By the way, he speaks of many of the same characters with come tamillar in "Some Old Letters," published in

intimate with Byron, but he does not tell us much that is new or important about him, although what he does tell is gossipy and interesting. The Doctor-Apything, no matter now trivial, that throws light upon the character of so great a

Miss RACHEL-Moore seems to have been very

genins as flyron is important. FRED-Moore's duel with Jeffrey was rather a unique way to meet an adverse criticism. I think that our critics would be completely riddled with

builets if that practice ever became popular in this country. FELICIA-About the coolest thing I ever read is that story, told as a fact by Sir Walter Scott, of a man who made a bargain to sell a subject (a young child) to a surgeon; his bringing it at night in a

bag: the surgeon's surprise at hearing it cry out: the man then saying, "Oh, you wanted it dead, did you ?" and stepping behind a tree and killing it. Scott was at the man's trial. FRED-Another cool thing, but in a different way, was that of Sheridan taking the gig of a dun, who was patiently awaiting him in the parior, and driving to town in it. Sheridan remarked

during the course of his- brilliant career that vanity is the giant passion. "Save me from this passion and I can dely the others." FELICIA-Miss Edgeworth told Moore a story of a man whose late depended upon getting a happy man to give him the shirt from his back. He passed unsuccessfully through many countries. At last, in Ireland, he met with a happy man,

and, in his impatience, proceeded to tear the shirt from his back, but found he had none. Miss RACHEL-That anecdote about a French translation from the English is good. In some work where it was said "the air was so clear that we could distinctly see a bell-wether on the opposite hill." the translator made "bell-wether"

The Doctor-Here is a very true thing that Moore says :- "Men of business being (from their speculations, I suppose) the greatest of all castle builders; we poets are nothing to them.

PRED-I think that this is one of the funniest things in the book. A man brimful of all temper, coming out of a room where he had lost all his oney at play, saw a person (a periect stranger to him) tying his shoe at the top of the stair; 'Damn you," said he, "you're always tying your shoe," and kicked him down stairs,

The Doctor-That is capital; it so perfectly describes the unreasonableness of an angry man. To see a person placidly tying his shoe when he lelt so irritated was the last straw.

Miss Rachel.-Jerdan's reminiscences are not so anecdotal as Moore's, but they are very entertaining. He tells one good story of the poet Campbell, who passed the night at a country inn somewhere in Scotland. He had been stopped by the weather in the afternoon, had dined, and in dulged himself with a toothpick to while away the idle hall-hour. Enter chambermaid, "Sir, if ye please, are ye dune with the toothpick?" and Mind." by G. H. Lewes, the husband of George | do you ask? I suppose I may bick away as long as

THE BOOK WORLD. | Ellot, and author of "The Story of Goethe's Life." | I like !" "Oh dear na, strl for it belongs to the | have made a pretty decent sort of husband, as club, and that has been met amaist an hour !" PELICIA-That is about on a par with that family n which we boarded one summer, that kept a toothbrush tied to the pump, and each member

> would come out in turn, wash and clean his teeth with the same brush. The MOTHER-1 remember that circumstance, and, by the way, they all had remarkably fine

Miss RACHEL-I think that we have all thoreughly enjoyed this volume. I don't know how I should have passed this "long, long, weary day" without it, and it has given us a very pleasant evening. The bric-à-brac series is an established

institution now, and I only hope it will grow into a library before it is finished. THE VILLAGE SURGEON. FELICIA-Mother, here is a book you will like; I

table and have spent the morning reading it. The MOTHER-What is the name of the delightful FELICIA-"The Village Surgeon." It is written by Arthur Locker, editor of the London Graphic,

found it among a lot of English books on Fred's

The MOTHER-I believe he is a brother of Frederic Locker, who has written some very pretty pers de société. What is Mr. Locker's book like since you recommend it so highly?

FELICIA-It is not exactly what you would imagine the diary of a physician to be. There is only enough of the "shop" about it to answer the purpose of the story, and it is written just as any young tellow, with more than the usual amount of brains, would write a journal. Matthew Aliardyce is not a very sentimental young man, and although he does stop now and then to make a comment or heave a sigh, he is never tiresome. His love story is written in such a touch-and-go sort of style that I was a long time in finding out what were the real state of his affections.

The MOTHER-Are there no exciting adventures? It seems to me that a young physician should have a great many to relate.

FELICIA-The story is a very quiet one at the time the diary is written, and the scene is laid in a small village, where the writer settled down into respectability. He had passed rather a wild and stormy youth as a medical student in London, and later in California and Texas. He had too love mairs in his youth, to which he refers. One of these turned out badly for his peace of mind, though he did nothing that an honorable gentleman would not have done. I did not altogether sympathize with his last affair, although the voman was a dear, good creature. But it seems to me there must have been something lacking in woman who would have married such a bloated old hulk as her first husband. He had not a redeeming trait. I must not tell you the story, though, if you are going to read it.

The MOTHER-You have only told me of the hero and the heroine. Are there no other characters? FELICIA-Yes, and good ones too. The best of these is Mrs. Colver, a talkanve, blustering sort of woman, whose heart, however, was in the right place. She is very well drawn, and reminds one of people that one meets once in a while. Her son, Joseph, is not particularly interesting; but he showed his good sense in liking that favorite game of mine, spelling words with mixed letters. which Allardyce got so mad at every time he brought it out. Old Hartland is a good sketch of his kind; but the charm of the book is the easy and graceful way in which it is written. You feel, all the time that Allarayce is a real man, his journal is so natural. He has no crimes to confess or no hairbreadth escapes to relate; yet he interests

the reader in every page.

The MOTHER—It takes a clever writer to do that. FELICIA-Mr. Locker is unquestionably a clever man. It is seldom that so good an editor is so good a writer. He commands the best language and writes like a gentleman who is sure of an audience among his own class.

AN OLD FRIEND IN NEW CLOTHES. The DOCTOR-Fred, that is an interesting look-

ing book under your arm. What is it? FRED (handing the book to his lather) -This is a new edition of Charles Lamb, imported by Scribner Welford & Armstrong. It is that best beloved author's complete works in one volume.

The Doctor-1 thought I recognized an old friend, in spite of his new clothes. Here they all are (carefully cutting the leaves); "Old China." one of my pets; "A Dissertation on Roast Pig," which I admire the least of any; "The South Sea House:" "On Some of the Old Actors:" ves. every scrap that Lamb ever penned is nere-stories, poems and plays.

Miss RACHEL-I have the tenderest feelings toward Charles Lamb. I always feel that he was one whom I knew. There are lew authors with whom one becomes so intimate. I never tire of reading his essays. Let me be unfit for any other reading, I can always pick up Lamb and enjoy

FELICIA-His stories are not half appreciated. among these very admirers you will find but a small number who know anything about his tales. FRED-What a delightful critic Lamb was, There is a subtlety that one looks for in vain in modern criticism about that which he wrote. By the way, have you ever noticed how fond those old writers were of the stage? They were nearly all admirers of the drama and frequenters of the green room; they hobnobbed with Garrick, Siddons and Kean, and even lesser lights came in for a share of their praise. They used to go to the theatre nearly every night, and the actors relied upon their criticism.

The Doctor-in England literary men and actors fraternize to a greater extent than they do in this country. Of course the two professions flow more or less together here, but I do not think they are ever so intimate as they are across the

FRED-More's the pity, for the intimacy could not fail to result in mutual good. The Arcadian and Lotos clubs have done a great deal toward bringing the two professions together, and their success is proof that the experiment has not been

Miss RACHEL-My pet among Lamb's essays is the one on "Old China," it is so cosey and home-like; and then you know that old china is my pas-

FRED-Rather an expensive passion nowadays Miss RACHEL-Not with me. I can be happy without Sevres or Wedgewood so long as I can get the quaint Dutch and Chinese ware. FELICIA-Fred, books like that make splendid

FRED-I take the hint, gentle as it is put; the book is yours, fair sister.

"FOR RETTER, FOR WORSE!" "What is this novel, Felicia, with the announcement on the cover that it is "fully equal to the unitials' ?" said Miss Rachel, taking up a copy of "For Better, For Worse" (T. B. Peterson &

FELICIA-It is hard to say exactly what it is more than that it is a story. There is nothing new in it, nothing startlingly good or nothing startlingly bad. There is very little plot, and what

there is is oid. Miss RACHEL-Any plot is old to such an invetcrate novel reader as you. You must not be too exacting. So long as an author gives you a little excitement or a new sensation you should be satis-

FELICIA-But this "tale of first love" does neither. The hero and heroine are married in the first part of the story. Sir Philip Leigh (he) marries Ethelind Atherton (she), who is the daughter of a deceased clergyman. Philip is thirty-five and Ethel sixteen at the time of the marriage. He is rien, handsome and selfish; she is poor, proud, generous and very beautiful. They marry on a few days' notice, before either has had time to know or understand the other. The consequence is easily foreseen. The first time that Ethel learns of her husband's unkindness he tells her she must "ent" her family; that when a man marries a wife he does not marry all her relations, and that when a woman marries above her that she must go over to her husband's family.

Miss RACHEL-That's something new; I thought the husband always went over to the wife's

Fructa-Circumstances after cases, you know, Etnel, being a high spirited girl, naturally resented such dictation, but her husband had a mother and two maiden sisters to back him, so of course the wife was set upon and silenced. Sir Philip would

husbands go, if it had not been for his family, who were not satisfied with the match from the first.

Miss RACHEL-He must have been a noble fellow to bave allowed his mother and sisters to egg him

on against his wife. FELICIA-As might be supposed, the poor young wife's life was anything but happy. The citmax of her unhappiness was reached when she discovered that she was not her husband's first love, nor his last, if her fears were well founded. It seems that he had been engaged to a charming cousin, who was thrown from a horse as they were about to be married and met with an accident which crippled her for life. He was good enough to want to marry her, notwithstanding her misfortune, but she would not listen to the proposal. She was really a fine character, one of the best in the book. Philip always had a very tender regard for his lost love, but seeing how the case stood he tell in love with Ethel, as being the most sens ble thing to do.

Miss Rachel.-Don't say "fell in love." That is a misapplication of the term. Ethel's beauty and sweetness of disposition pleased him just as a fine horse or switt sailing yacht would. Such a man never loves but one person, and that is him-

FELICIA-Ethel brooded over her discovery until she had made a pretty big sized mountain out of a very small mole nill. There was nothing beyond a pleasant triendship between her nusband and his cousin; but then Ethel was young and inexperienced. Philip chaled under her groundless jealousies, and the two were about as miserable as a man and wife need wish to be Finally they separated, neither knowing exactly what for, and Philip went out to the Crimes. The crippled cousin and Ethel's sister Margaret, a pattern elder sister, at last brought the unruly couple together, and the story ends happily, as all good stories should.

Miss RACOEL-But I thought you said that this

was not a good story.

FRIICIA—Neither is it in a literary point of view, but morally it is unexceptionable. You can readily see from what I have told you that the plot is old and backneyed and not very good either. And the story is spread out beyond the reader's patience. If half of the conversations were taken out it would be a very pretty little story; not particularly meritorious and not at all

"THE MYSTERY." "Just think," said Miss Rachel, with a sigh of weariness, "of having written over thirty books in the same strain as 'East Lynne.' I cannot imagine any woman's brain holding so many plots

FELICIA-No one can accuse Mrs. Henry Wood of tameness. I never read such hair-raising, blood-curdling stories as hers. Here is her last effort, "Tue Mystery," in the publication of which the Messrs, Peterson are ahead of their English rivals. It has all the peculiarities of the preceding thirty odd volumes, and is just as exciting as either.

Miss Rachel-I always imagine Mrs. Wood as the Lucille Western of literature. I may have gotten the idea from Miss Western's impersonation in the play of "East Lynne."

FELICIA-Very likely you did, for none could ever see her in that part without always associating her with it. "The Mystery" is as strange and mysterious as its name would imply. There is a murder, a death and a stolen will in the very first pages, and there is no letting up in the excitement. Mrs. Wood has no mercy reader's nerves. She stretches them to the utmost limit. Upon my word, I was almost breathless while reading the ghost scenes. Every time the "fetch" appeared I felt a prickling sensation around the roots of my bair, and if it had not been for the bairpins it would certainly have risen straight up. The mystery about the Chandos mansion is really well kept up. Such a banging of doors, unearthly shricking, ghost walking time I never care to experience in real life.

Miss Rachel.-Anne Hereford was a brave girl even to firt with a member of that mysterious family. I should not have been able to have stayed in the house after once seeing the ghost.

me of the time Betsy, the cook, went crazy and set up such a howling in the dead bour of the night. It makes me tremble now to think of that time.

Miss RACHEL-What a plotting villain that Edwin Bariey was. I thought, of course, that he was going to turn out to be the murderer of Philip King. He was none too good to have committed such a crime. Just give him provocation and pistols and see what would follow.

FRUCIA-Mrs. Wood makes the English board. ing schools suffer by comparison with the French. I imagine both of those schools were drawn from the life. Emily Chandos is a pretty good type of a certain kind of boarding school girl. Feared by Of course every one admires his essays, but the teachers, envied and admired by tae girls, domvery dull, carrying her own more by swagger and money than by any personal merit. Make her a poor girl and she would be utterly insignificant. Poor Aifred de Mellissie, she led him a hard life. Such girls do not make very good wives. If I was told to marry either of the two girls I should have chosen Anne Hereford, though neither were ex-

actly to my taste.

Miss Rachel—No, I cannot say that any of Mrs, Wood's characters are particularly domestic. They have their good points, but wifely qualifications are not among the number. One can truly say that there is not a dull page in this book. The author does not waste words. She has a

FELICIA-Hers is not one of the plain, unvarnished sort either. She dips her pen in blood, and plunges fearlessly into the melodramatic, I doubt if there is a boarding school in the land whose pupils have not dogeared copies of Mrs. Wood's novals smuggled into their desks. I remember how that irrepressible Cooper girl, who roomed near us, used to keep a novel of Mrs. Wood's or Mrs. Southworth's between the covers of a Rible. When the teachers would come around looking for forbidden literature they would smile with satisfaction to see little Cooper's Bible occupying such conspicuous place among her school books. Alas! how one enjoyed the stolen fruit! I would give a good deal to have a novel appear as real to me as it used to in those days. I couldn't sleep a wink when reading "The Missing Bride."

Miss Rachel (rather scornfully)-I cannot see but that you enjoy novel reading as much nowadays as you did then.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Land of the Czar. By O. W. Wahl, London: Chapman & Hall. New York: Scribner, Welford

& Armstrong.
The invasion of the Crimea; its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Ragian. Ev A. W. Kingiake. (Vol. V. Battle of Inkermann). Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons.

The Vatican Decrees in Their Bearing on Civil Aflegiance. By Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westminster, New York: Catholic Publication

Men Who Have Made the New German Empire: a series of brief Biographic Sketches. By G. L. M. Strauss. In two volumes. London: Tinsley Brothers.

sports that Kill. By T. De Witt Taimage, New York: Harper & Brothers.
The Veil Withdrawn (Le Mot de l'Enigme). Translated by permission from the French of Mme, Craven, New York: Catholic Publication

Choice Specimens of American Literature, and Literary Reader, being Selections from the Chief American Writers. By Professor Benjamin N. Martin, D. D. Second edition. New York: Sheldon & Co. The Induence of Music on Health and Life, By

Society.

Dr. H. Chomet. Translated from the French by Mrs. Laura A. Flint. New York: G. P. Putnam's Health; a Handbook for Households and Schools.

By Edward Smith, M. D., F. R. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. The Rainbow Creed; a Story of the Times. Boston: William F. Gill & Co.

Mistress Judith; a Cambridgeshire Story. By C. C. Fraser-Tytler. New York: Henry Holt & Co. THE SHAUGHRAUN.

THE TESTIMONIAL TO DION BOUCICAULT AT WALLACK'S-JUDGE BRADY'S SPEECH-REPLY OF THE DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR-THE SUPPER AT DELMONICO'S.

Last night Wallack's Theatre was the scene of a remarkable demonstration on the part of the Irish-American residents of this city. The occasion was the presentation of a testimonial to Mr. Dion Boucicault by his Irish admirers, in recogni tion of the services he has rendered to the Irish people in elevating the stage representation of their character. Notwithstanding the Lenten season, the house was jammed to its utmost capacity by ladies and gentlemen. The large num-ber of ladies present in all parts of the house gave the auditorium a remarkably brilliant appearance, and the warmth of Mr. Boneicault's reception when he first appeared on the stage showed that there was an electric sympathy in the air. When the curtain fell on the second act. the gentlemen of the committee, who, for the most part, occupied seats in the front row of the orchestra, left their places and went behind the scenes. There they were joined by Judge Brady, who, during the evening, occupied Mr. Wallack's box, and the organization having been hastily completed, the gentlemen moved out on the stage. Here the statue which was intended for presentation had ever, covered from the curious gaze of the audience by a green flag bearing the emblematic harp of Ireland. When the applause which greeted the appearance of the committee had subsided, Judge Brady advanced toward Mr. Boucleanit, who, in his red coat and wonderful boots, looked remarkably picturesque, and formed a rather amusing contrast to the black-coated and white-tied gentlemen who had come to honor him. Mr. Boucleanlt was evidently touched by this practical expression of sympathy on the part of his fellow, countrymen, though he tried hard, and su-ceeded very well, to look as "cool as a cucumber."

JUDGE BRADY'S SPRECH. Judge Brady, advancing some steps in front of the gentlemen of the committee, addressing first the audience and then Mr. Boucicault, said:

the audience and then Mr. Boucicault, said:—
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—The incidents of the evening are to be varied by a plot in which the gentlemen you see here and myself are the representative fluures. We have a short engagement to play. I have, indeed, a piece to speak, and on its delivery I shall follow the glorious example of distinguished actors and actresses and see to it that I toar it not in tatters. You will doubtless well uncerstand me when I say that in this establishment, at least for the present, "Tatters" does all the tearing! Mr. Bouccault, to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature as an actor, is an intellectual achievement of which the artist may well be proud. We who are not of the ploiession know little of its innerling, its trials, vicussitudes and ture as an actor, is an intellectual achievement of which the artist may well be proud. We who are not of the prolession know little of its inner lig, its triais, vicissitudes and rugged paths, ver we cannot but feel its triumpins when, after a finished performance, moved by exaited sentiment and noble deeds, we turn back to real scenes with higher aims and holier purposes. To held, as 't were, the mirror up to nature, not only as an actor, but as a successiul author, is to combine two brilliant elements of strength, and to command the attention and admiration, not only of those who enjoy at "home, sweet home," the treasures of intellect which dramatic literature reveals, but of those who seek the play to see them filustrated by the mimic art. This is to win double lauries—to pluck from Fame two garlands, either of which might shed sufficient glory for one man. It is not designed to-night, nowever, to signalize the general excellence of your varied compositions, but to express a thankful consciousness that you have elevated the Irish drama by a just appreciation and portraiture of the attributes and peculiarities to which "it relates. In the character of the Snaughraun, for example, you have given us a true type of a class of the Irish peasantry, in disposition cheerful, bouyant, generous, enthusiastic, sympathetic and compassionate, and who, though in rags, possesses a nature at once patriotic, chivairous and loying, eager to battle for the right sympachetic and compassionate, and who, though in rags, possesses a nature at once patriotic, chivalrous and loving, eager to battle for the right and ready in wit and strategy for inn or for emergency, with his heart full of faith, yet open to joy or sorrow as the sunshine or shadow may fall on his own path or that of his riends—one who illustrates the apporism contained in the poet's lines:—

The rank is but the princel strate.

The rank is but the guinea's stamp, The man's the gowd for a' that. We ask your acceptance of this testimonial, shight though it be, as an acknowledgment of our obligations to you. It is one in which people of this hand, from Boston to Savannah and from New York to San Prancisco, have, by letter and by telegram begged to unite.

We hope that you may live long to enjoy the honors you have so deservedly won.

MR. BOUCICAULT'S SPEECH. Standing before you, sir, I feel very like Conn in "Well, haven't you a word to say for yourself ?" and he replies, "Divit a one, your riverence!" 1 had prepared some to return my thanks to you. Judge Brady, and these gentlemen you so elo-Judge Brady, and these gentlemen you so eloquently represent, and to you, ladies and gentlemen, who have come so kindly to adorn this occasion with your presence; but I conless I did not expect to leel called upon to extend my gratitude from Boston to Savannah and to cover with my acknowledgments all the ground between New York and San Francisco. This sir, is the greatest honor of my life except one, and that was conferred upon me once, fity years ago, when, upon entering the world, I found myself to be an Irishman. But as I had done nothing to degreatest honor of my life except one, and that was conferred upon me once, flity years ago, when, upon entering the world, I found mysell to be an Irishman. But as I had done nothing to deserve that compliment, I cannot claim credit for a work of which I was not the anthor. You offer me the most honorable distinction to which any artist can aspire, and that is the assurance of his lellow citizens that they perceive in his works, to gether with something that is sweet something also that is good. When the mere pleasure of witnessing a periormance has passed away, has evaporated, as I may say, if there be a sweet residum leit in the mind, believe me you will find it to be composed of pure, imperishable truth. I have endeavored to tell the truth about my country. I mean about what is beautiful and good and innocent in that land; I have drawn a portrait of one you love, and I know right well how much of the feeling you exhibit here to-night is due to the artist who stands before yon, and how much more is due to the tender interest you take in the subject he has chosen to fillutrate. For among the various European nations that so largely contribute to form the American family there are Swedes, Germans, French, Spaniards, Scotch, Italians—all are represented; but there is one more tavored here than all the rest—one endeared to you oy a nundred ingratiating faults, a thousand redeeming weaknesses—one, who, lying on the breast of this land, looks back to the oid country, and her adopted mother is not jealous of that love. On the courtrary, her great, sympathizing heart beats in unison with the same emotions, for the American heart is strung with chords torn from the Irish arp, and when I touched those chords your leetings flowed out to me; not so much to the skill of the poet, but to the instrument on which he played and to the song he sung. Ohl let me disciaum any pretension as an actor to excel others in the delineation of the Irish cuaracter. It is the Irish character as misrepresented by the English dramstist that

On the conclusion of Mr. Boucleault's speech he was warmly applauded. He then advanced toward Judge Brady and warmly shook bim by toward Judge Brady and Warmly shook bim by the hand. He paid the same tribute to the gen-tiemen of the committee, and as the curtain fell his hand grasped that of Richard O'Gorman, the famous Irish advocate. Among the distinguished Irish gentiemen present on the stage were Gen-eral Sweeny, United States Army; Dr. McGuire, Chevalier de la Legion D'Honneur, Coionei Mee-han, Major Haverty, Cappan Jerome J. Coinns, Richard O'Gorman and a number of others. THE STATUETTE.

The work chosen by the committee for presentation to Mr. Boucleault is Rogers' new group of the "Snaughraun," which is destined to r.val in popularity his "Rip Van Winkle." As an artistic production the "Snaughraun" is tue more effective of the two. It has more action and appeals more directly to our sense of humor. Com is represented seated on the stump of a tree teaching his ismous dog "Tatters" to go through the manual of arms. The dog shoulders the bow of Comi's fiddle, which instrument that amusing individual holds in his left hand. The dog is seated on his haunches and listens, with comic gravity, to the instructions of his master. The artist has caught, with great happiness, the expression of Mr. Boucicault's face as it appears when planning something mischievous. As a composition, it is spritted and effective. The statuette was placed on a neat base of Irish bog oak, which was simple and tasteful. A large sliver plate let into the base bore the inscription, "From the Irish-American Residents of New York, in recognition of the services his literary and artistic work have been to Ireland and the Irish people." "Spanghrann," which is destined to rival in popu-

THE SUPPER. At midnight some sixty gentlemen sat down to supper at Deimonico's and remained until deep in

the small hours. Eloquent and amusing addresses, peeches and remarks were made, and an evening that nad begun under the most flattering anspices ended at morning with the atmost good feeling. Among the guests at Delmonico's were Mr. John McCullough, Mr. John Gilbert, Mr. Wallack, Mr. Dien Boucleault, Jr., Mr. Montague, General Sweeney, Mr. John McKeon, and other gentlement well advanced in the world of lame.

The following verses by Miss Ada Dyas, the fascinating Arte O'Neai of the "Shanghraun," were read in the course of the morning:—

Suggested by the Statuette Presentation.]

"Don't be tearin a bassion to Tatters,"
Quoth Hamlet advising the players!
Yet, its passion for Tatters that matters
The most among all these purveyors
Of fun so alive in their "bloin"
—Queer as oriers who joy in their cryin'. The passion we tear into Tatters.
Is precisely the passion for players
Which lives in the pittle who batters
Box office of Moss-y sootheayers;
—Those men who find "seats" that each datters
Himself are secure from dog "Tatters !!" Formas the scane from dog "fatters."
Formas this grand passion for "play"
Let law makers are be invelghers.
"Its the love for the play of the day
Feeds this passion 1 sing of for players,
Surviving the dogmas and sneers
Of some Taimage who weeps o'er the tiers. As some Taimage who weeps o'er the tiers. Having preducted him of the passion And introduced doegerei for "Tatters." Let me estimate next if the fashion webs right when the Con-ate it flatters of the dramatist, actor and friend, In whose bonor so many attend. Lot in Rip of the Jefferson play What interest clings to doe Schneidert (Tho' of late all the playpoers say Our interest in Tatters is wider.) Had his bite or his back been curtailed I believe that the drama had failed. How dogs who come not on the stare How dogs who come not on the staze Can rest, like spring birds "off the wing," And yet andience-plaudits engage Is a riddle at Dion to fling. So their cues and their speeches get muzzled While spectators and critics are puzzled. While spectators and critics are puzzied.
Each cur-sory critic perceives.
That schneider and Tatters are brothers.
Whose hinger round vaga-bones weaves.
Yet whose bark the sly dramatist smothers;
Who are sathful to musket and didle,
And—but never mind, keep it a riddle.
Neither doe of the Conn or of Rip,
Have forteited rights in the gallery.
Which cries have and asks to let slip.
Before footlights these curs who earn salary.
More potent than if the dogs quivered.
With sait tales thro' "pauses" delivered.
What after connected the tops of the connected. With sai tales thro' "pauses" deliver.
What other canines e'er took hold.
Upon popular plaudits before?
And not Cerberus, famous of old,
Held such tone on Plutonian shore.
This a partnership tamous they show
With a "Co" in our dear Boucleault. So while "Shaughrsun" shall make us his bow.
In thanks for this near statuette.
Both Tatters' and Schnieder's bow-wow
tho welcome from goos and parquette,
As we tashoo our rarest lorgnette
To gaze long at our Irishman's pet.

WALLACK'S THEATRE, March 5, 1875. SUPPOSED SUICIDE.

ADA DYAS.

The Twenty-second precinct police yesterday reported that Ann Coleman, thirty-five years of age and born in Ireland, had committed suicide at her residence, No. 328 West Forty-eighth street, by taking poison. Decensed lived with a man named Charles Coles, as his wife, and had long been named Charles Coles, as his wife, and had long been of intemperate habits. On more than one occasion the deceased, it is alleged, has threatened to end her life, but did not carry her threat into execution till Friday, when, it is alleged, she swallowed a quantity of landanum. The body was sent to the Morgue, where Deputy Coroner MacWhinnie will make a post-mortem examination, after which Coroner Croker will hold an inquest. Relatives of the deceased will claim the remains for interment.

ACCIDENTS.

Otto Backhoven, sixteen years of age, of No. 186 Bay street, Jersey City, fell down the hatchway at No. 38 Mercer street, and was seriously mjured.

Miles McCrimisk, aged fitty, of No. 25% Sheriff street, was jammed between two cars at the corner of Sheriff and Grand streets, and was severely injured.

WESTCHESTER ANNEXATION TROU-BLES.

A SERIOUS FINANCIAL COMPLICATION-HOW COMPTROLLER GREEN SNUBBED A COMMITTEE. The harassing results of Comptroller Green's peculiar financial policy are not felt in the metropolis alone, Westchester county also being made to experience some of the effects of the so-called economy" practised by that official. The financial difficulty arising out of the annexation of Morrisania, West Farms and Kings-bridge to New York still remains in bridge to New York still remains in an unsettled state. For the purpose of effecting a settlement of the claims against the city the Board of Supervisors of Westchester county recently appointed a committee to wait upon the Compitoler, but he refused to issten to them. Accordingly, no means have, as yet, been devised to compel him to pay Westchester county or to the State the Canal deficiency tax, amounting to \$42,000, which was a hen on the annexed towns, nor to provide for the principal and interest on that portion of the principal and interest on that portion of the ficiency tax, when New York agreed to provide for, remains on the books of the State Comptroller as a charge against twestchester county, and the faith of the county is understood to be piedged for the payment of the Bounty Loan bonds. Since it appears that New York agreed to furnish the money to meet the proportion of these bonds chargeable to the towns now annexed the Westchester Board of Supervisors made no other provision for them. Unless some satisfactory arrangement shall be made these bonds, to the extent of what is due from New York, must, when presented to the Treasurer of Westchester county, oe permitted to go to protest.

THE COGAN HOMICIDE IN NEWARK.

JOHN HARTMANN FOUND GUILTY.

The inquest in the case of John Francis Cogan, the ex-policeman, who is alleged to have been clubbed and beaten to death last Tuesday night, in John Hartmann's saloen and grocery store, was continued vesterday. Dr. Philip Record, who, with Dr. Dodd, made the post-mortem examination of the body of Cogan, corroborated the testi-mony of the county paysician.

The testimony of Ann Fitzgeraid, to the effect

mony of the county paysician.

The testimony of Ann Fitzgeraid, to the effect that a man had been flung out of Hartmann's place, was corroborated by Mrs. Margaret Smith, and Christian Jekele, who was in Hartmann's the night of the row, testified he saw Cogan and Dolan there. After calling for drinks they refused to pay, and Cogan called Hartman struck Dolan, but witness did not see him strike Cogan. The latter tried to fit Hartmann with a barrel, but dropped it and picked up a measure and attacked Hartmann; then Hartmann put him out of the saloon. Witness was shown a piece of rubber pipe, and identified it as being that with which Hartmann struck Dolan. Detective Haggerty testified that Mrs. Hartmann gave him the piece of hose shown to jury and said, "This is what Hartmann hit the man with, and I don't think it would kill him."

what Hartman hit the man with, and I don't think it would kill him."

The jury were divided as to the degree of crimi-nality of the accused, some of them believing that he was guilty only or assault and battery. They finally brought in a verdict that the deceased came to his death at the hands of the accused, John

MIRACULOUS CURE OF A BISHOP.

It will be recollected by the readers of the HERALD that last fall Bishop Odenheimer. senior Episcopal Bishop of New Jersey, started for Europe to try and build up his health and get cured of a serious maindy. About the mid of January he received sad news die of January he received sad news from this country about his son-in-law at Annapolis. He was attacked suddenly at the heart. The physicians anticipated a speedy and latal termination of their patient's troubles. On that night, however, a change came. The Bishop slept all night; his heart trouble had disappeared, and what is more remarkable, the symptoms of his old malady had left him entirely. He has since been sojourning on the lise of Wight, and all the news from him is surprisingly encouraging to his iriends. The London physicians say that it is one of the most remarkable recoveries on record.

THE JERSEY WATER SUPPLY.

The grand scheme of the North Hudson County Water Commissioners, for the construction of water works at the Hackensack to supply the northern townships of the county "with pure and wholesome water," has already been advanced to its first stage. The Commissioners have prepared a bill for presentation to the Legislature, in a bill for presentation to the Legislature, in which it is proposed to authorize the issue of bonds to the extent of \$3,500,000. Interest at the incredible rate of eight per cent may be paid on the money thus obtained. The bill is to be presented before the close of the present session, and one of its features will be that the consent of the people must be obtained before the scheme may be commenced. The men who are deeply interested in the proposed plan—the politicians and the contractors—are already working hard in the manufacture of a fictious public opinion in its benuif. The imposition of so terrible a burden of taxation upon the already tax-ridden county would, in the opinion of many, be a great calamity. The struggling classes will vehemently oppose the project. West Hoboken and Union Hill have already manifested a decided hostinty to the scheme.